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Where Shadow Is No More

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What We Do

What we do is not what we are
White clouds dancing
Beneath the morning stars
What we do is not what we are
Cars honking in gridlock jam
Awaiting dinner
Like sacrificial lambs

It's your turn on the stage
I hear the director shout
All the roles are taken
But you can join the crowd
You must have a definition
The recruiter points and sighs
Sign on the dotted line
And we will tell you lies
From cradle to grave
And the pin stripe preacher agrees
Get down on your knees
And I will save you from thinking

What we do is not what we are
Leave the door ajar
Far beyond this present age
The Master dreams
Your perfection

Voyage

Around the horn

One misty morn

Clouds in shrouds

Enchanting

Lantern light

In faint twilight

Masts in veils

Dancing

Clanging bells

Sound the knell

Avoid these rocky

Shallows

Sail on my soul

Toward the goal

His quiet voice

Is calling

Invisible

To Late I Knew
My sacrifice great
I gave myself
To your awakening
And now I find it
Hard to feel the thread
Of Love that held
Us like a silence

My Vineyard

I come to my vineyard
Looking for fruit
I come to my vineyard
Looking for you
I come to inherit
Right where you are
I come to my vineyard
Into your heart

Email

A person in an email
Is neither male or female
I cannot hear their tone of voice
I cannot read their countenance.

Some would say " Now this is grand,
You cannot know the outward man,"
But is the message so separate from
The messenger who carries it?
Should the bearer remain a mystery?
Wrapped in anonymity?

It's so good to know the Father's way
Is to reveal His Son as plain as day.

Waiting to Die

I saw the Murres dying
Waiting for the end
A sea gull lands beside him
Pecking, pecking

Get up
Or you will die
As sea gull flies away
Two Chinese girls
Try to save
Pet, pet

I say, " He's waiting to die,
Now the whole family
Gathers round the bird
Who stares in stoic silence

The Murre turns away
Leave me alone to die with dignity
Prepare to flee
This place and time
And once again
To fly

Yet somehow
The rescue continues
Pretending the last imagined breath
As if life somehow ended

Inside Out

The religious world thrives on doubt
It tries to turn thee inside out
While God in fact has a simple plan
Religion puts its trust in man.

So far away you'll want to fly
Away from such deceit and lies
Until at last you come to see
The Savior lives inside of thee

Fear Not

A Brother said
Fear not the silence of the enemy
They are only coming into range

Freeway night

Distance vibrates
Metallic echoes
A cold wind blows

Pausing on a Hilltop

Pausing on a hilltop
I see you passing
In muted tones of orange

Tresses blowing
As gusts out of the east
Take my breath away.

Powdered clouds race the sun
To sundown
Posing in discarded garments
Of former generations
Dressing in silent illusion
Dragons twisting to Knights
With eyes gaping through the
Keyhole into Lost Caves
And out again to ocean sands.

Here I stand again
But never quite again
Time pulls me apart like taffy
Stretching

I descend to the plain
Where post hole fences
Stand between the wind and me
Wild flowers of purple and gold
Intercept my brief greeting
Returning longing to my gaze
For Holy innocent moments

How far have we wandered from our origins?
How much has been forgotten in favor of flotsam?
The waves roll on
As storm clouds come in
Your great name bursts forth in lightning
Thunder follows
Silence suddenly aware.

Space speaks thoroughly to darkness
All is still as on the hilltop again
Mirage invites my understanding
I must discard this fluff
A tiny pinhole of light
Denies this hold of night
And I know in the deepest places of despair
Dawn approaches
Time paints her blush upon the clouds
As all of History records this awakening
Brilliance exhausts the darkness
And You arrive
With righteousness in your wings.

Shadow and Light

Most deeds

Cast a shadow

Are observed

And then reported

Deeds done at noonday

Are seldom even noticed

And are only seen

By those who

Walk in noonday Light

Crystal Reflections

In haunting mists of Genesis

Proselytes with signs

Shout slogans

At their crystal reflections

While Ancient lore

From times before

The prophet's words

Forgotten

Violence

Hate will not sustain you through the Vail

As Soul leaves the body violence fails

You see with eyes bound by time

No way to find the peace of mind

Like darkened clouds when rain's refused to fall

Empty Air

It feels like a circle

When most likely it's a square

To see one's own glory

Is not glory

But merely empty air

Like a Bone out of Joint

I left the convention early feeling disconnected
 From the pep rally
 Trying to manipulate my mind.
 It seems I was to agree with
 What was already decided
 Like a political convention
 Acting out surprise.

Waiting for a ride
 I stepped under the small,
 Carefully planted trees
 Enjoying leaves changing
 And the still small shade
 Surrounded by cars whizzing on the one side
 And the expected exodus of thousands
 On the other

The brick wall was hard oh so hard so I walked over
 By the fire hydrant where Mary was to pick me up.
 In the bright November sunlight
 A couple approached me with
 Convention tags but turned around their backs to the sun

It was then I saw DI
 Shuffling along
 Could that really be you after all these years, I wondered?
 He was somewhat bent over
 Walking slowly away from the event
 Towards where the couple had stood
 A moment earlier
 His white hair neatly sprayed in place

DI" I said, " Is that you?
 He turned toward me, his gold chain glinting in the sun
 The gold cross prominent on his chest
 He gave a curt wave half turning toward me and then
 Moved ever so slowly down the sidewalk
 Could he be thinking that he used to be in charge of events like this?
 Could he be musing this is not the way we did things or had he seen it all before?

Whatever it was
DI seemed preoccupied
As another generation
Tried the same dance
With different partners
And hip hop steps.

As my ride approached
I turned for one last look at DI
But he had vanished
Like Phillip with the Ethiopian eunuch

This memory lingers in my mind
Somewhat out of time
Like a bone out of joint

Country Song

Too young to retire
Too old to be hired
I don't eat sugar
And I'm not too sweet
I grab my cell phone
And make a call home
"I'm not available at this time"
And the voice is me

Where Shadow is no More

The shadows play slowly on my neighbor's door
 Early in the morning before
 The day unfolds
 With hip hop hurry

The shadows pass softly cross my neighbor's door
 Only my eyes watching
 As the master's motion
 Looses light, like jells with holes turning
 Slowly casting shadow

Truth could just be on
 Like a light switch
 In the enormous room of day
 But you O master artist of the heavens
 Take thought to place
 Clouds and leaves and moving things
 Between us and the brilliance

The shadows pause briefly on my neighbor's door
 To say truth to be recognizable to flesh bound souls
 Must have the love of beauty.
 This same door in the cold of winter
 Offers a bleak reflection
 It seems to say
 Go inside, before you freeze
 Something warm awaits you

At last the earth turns its cycle
 The shadows hide my neighbor's door
 And he passes silently
 Into the night
 Ambulance lights flashing in the back alley
 His time to depart,
 And I wonder from a distance
 Where did he go?
 His widow asks,
 "Will you help at the funeral"?

A moving van arrives
My new neighbor steps through the shadows
A light bulb shines bright and bare as they unpack
Boxes arriving in the dusk.
I shake his hand
We take cookies to his wife
Determined to know more than shadow.

Now the amazing interplay at dawn has departed
Beauty calls from shadow for all to see
"Do not hurry so
Or worry,
Though you die a passing shade,
You live eternally
The Master has never forgotten
He will take you to
Where fleeting shadow is no more.

